



THE IRISH RAKE

'm a poor old sinner that spent my youth most fool sh,
Cursing drink'g cou tins and seducing young folks
a rake I squander'd my fortune so profusel .

Among those wicked vain ones that humour'd my jokes

In my drunken fits I did express

Much filthy words to great excess,

All div'ne law I did transgress,

To please and uphold,

Concupiscence so brutishly Which deluded me with crafty schemes

That lur'd me impurely, and me truly yok'd,

After my night's tipping, to recruit me in the moring.

I drank some whiskey cordial to wash down my sores,

I skippe'd about and rambled w th frolicsome young idlers,

Gambling, quarrelling sporting, renewing my sinful course,

Thus I spent my precious time,

Inur'd to error, and led by vice,

Till I got married to an honest w'fe,

Most attentive I w'n,

Tho' I abused her so inhumanly when she rebuked me to serve me

And most cruelly mauled her which caused her to groan,

This course I had follow'd till in years I grew hoary,

Like a sottish old top'r bewitched by my faults,

Cursing most constantly and horridly blaspheming,

Abusing my Creator by deeds and by thoughts,

Then my callous heart was hard in vice,

Debauch'd by drink and link'd in crimes,

Which made me stiff and full of pride,

Deriding those laws,

Which the Saviour of all nations proclaimed in his virtuous life

To save us from damnation and favour our'cause,

My stock then being lavish'd my tatter'd clothes all worn,

My wife and children moaning in a doleful poor state.

I skulk'd about and saunter'd like a vagabond most odious

Filching drink'g roaving, exposing my fate,

All my freinds in the drinking l'ne,

Seeing me bare of fare in life,

All my money gone among such kind,

Refusing to aid,

Or console me in my dolours, but reproach me to frantic voice

Which provok'd me most sorely and forced me to plead,

During my life so profligate, I scandalously a ceded,

To a every vice most heinous that tainted my soul,

From all pious works of charity and the ardent love of Jesus,

I wastonly rec'ded, neglecting he whole,

My horrid sins I ne'er confessed,

To a Holy Priest to make me bless'd,

And heal the sores that gore my breast,

And leave in woe,

But most constant y refusing to renounce my evil ways,

Till now, when the years have droop'd me and stoped me so low

O God of boundless goodness and most tender loving Jesus,

Who shed your blood to save me and pay for my faults,

Oith contrite heart most fervent, for thy mercy I do cravenow

To pardon me my treasons and mean filthy thoughts,

I hope my prayer you'll not reject,

For being so late, when I reflect,

On my horrid crimes which I detest,

And grieve not for all,

But reclaim me by your graces and restrain me from every vice

And save me from temptations that occasion my fall.